

RHYMES TO BE TRADED FOR BREAD

BEING NEW VERSES BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, JUNE, 1912.
PRINTED EXPRESSLY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR MONEY.

THIS BOOK IS TO BE USED IN EXCHANGE FOR THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE ON A TRAMP-JOURNEY FROM THE AUTHOR'S HOME TOWN, THROUGH THE WEST AND BACK, DURING WHICH HE WILL OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING RULES: (1) KEEP AWAY FROM THE CITIES. (2) KEEP AWAY FROM THE RAILROADS. (3) HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH MONEY. CARRY NO BAGGAGE. (4) ASK FOR DINNER ABOUT QUARTER AFTER ELEVEN. (5) ASK FOR SUPPER, LODGING AND BREAKFAST ABOUT QUARTER OF FIVE. (6) TRAVEL ALONE. (7) BE NEAT, TRUTHFUL, CIVIL AND ON THE SQUARE. (8) PREACH THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY.

IN ORDER TO CARRY OUT THE LAST RULE THERE WILL BE THREE EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE AGAINST BAGGAGE. (1) THE AUTHOR WILL CARRY A BRIEF PRINTED STATEMENT, CALLED "THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY." (2) HE WILL CARRY THIS BOOK OF RHYMES FOR DISTRIBUTION. (3) ALSO HE WILL CARRY A SMALL PORTFOLIO WITH PICTURES, ETC., CHOSEN TO GIVE AN OUTLINE OF HIS VIEW OF THE HISTORY OF ART, ESPECIALLY AS IT APPLIES TO AMERICA.

INTRODUCTION

UPON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY ROAD.

EVEN THE SHREWD AND BITTER,
GNARLED BY THE OLD WORLD'S GREED,
CHERISHED THE STRANGER SOFTLY
SEEING HIS UTER NEED.
SHELTER AND PATIENT HEARING,
THESE WERE THEIR GIFTS TO HIM,
TO THE MINSTREL GRIMLY BEGGING
AS THE SUNSET-FIRE GREW DIM.
THE RICH SAID "YOU ARE WELCOME."
YEA, EVEN THE RICH WERE GOOD.
HOW STRANGE THAT IN THEIR FEASTING
HIS SONGS WERE UNDERSTOOD!
THE DOORS OF THE POOR WERE OPEN,
THE POOR WHO HAD WANDERED TOO,
WHO HAD SLEPT WITH NE'ER A ROOF-TREE
UNDER THE WIND AND DEW.
THE MINDS OF THE POOR WERE OPEN,
THERE DARK MISTRUST WAS DEAD.
THEY LOVED HIS WIZARD STORIES,
THEY BOUGHT HIS RHYMES WITH BREAD.
THOSE WERE HIS DAYS OF GLORY,
OF FAITH IN HIS FELLOW-MEN.
THEREFORE, TODAY THE SINGER
TURNS BEGGAR ONCE AGAIN.

VERSES OF FANTASY AND DESIRE

THE WIZARD WIND.

THE WIZARD WIND'S A FRIEND OF MINE,—
MOST INTIMATE, IN TRUTH,
HE WHISTLES SORROW HALF AWAY, HE
GIVES ME GOLDEN YOUTH.
AND FREE AS THAT SMALL BIRD THAT
EATS THE WHEAT-EAR IN THE SHEAF
I AM NO LONGER MAN, BUT CLOUD, OR
TUMBLER MAPLE-LEAF.
ONCE HE TRANSFORMED ME TO A BEE,
HUNGRY FOR HONEY-DEW,

HE BLEW ME TO A WINDLAND BUSH;
WITH SPEED AND JOY WE FLEW.
THE GREAT BUSH BLOOMED WITH PARCH-
MENTS FINE, OF SONGS THAT FEED
THE SOUL,

ALL NEW, THAT OUR DEAR EARTH SHALL
HEAR, WHEN POETS REACH THEIR
GOAL.

WHEN OUR GROWN CHILDREN, BREATHING
FIRE, SHALL JUSTIFY ALL TIME,
BY HYMNS OF LIVING SILVER, SONGS
WITH SUNRISE IN THE RHYME.

I WISH THAT I HAD LEARNED BY HEART
SOME LYRICS READ THAT DAY,
I KNEW NOT 'T WAS A GIANT HOUR. AND
SPENT IT ALL IN PLAY.

WINDLAND GLEAMS SO DEWY-WHITE, SO
FULL OF CRYSTAL PEACE,
AND EVERY LEAF A SILKEN HARP, WHOSE
MURMURS WILL NOT CEASE.

I GORGED THE HONEY FROM THE CUPS OF
WILD-FLOWERS ALL ABOUT,
LAUGHING WHEN THE WIZARD LAUGHED,
AND PUT THE GNATS TO ROUT.

I READ ONCE MORE, THEN SLEPT AWHILE,
THEN WOKE ON EARTH AGAIN,

I WISH THOSE SCROLLS WERE MINE THAT
I MIGHT BRING THEM 'UNTO MEN!

THE KING OF YELLOW BUTTER- FLIES.

(EARLY SPRING.)

THE KING OF YELLOW BUTTERFLIES NOW
ORDERS FORTH HIS MEN,
HE SAYS, "THE TIME IS ALMOST HERE
WHEN VIOLETS BLOOM AGAIN."

ADOWN THE ROAD THE FICKLE ROUT GOES
FLASHING PROUD AND BOLD,
THEY SHIVER BY THE SHALLOW POOLS
AND WHIMPER OF THE COLD.

THEY DRINK AND DRINK. 'TIS A PRE-
TENCE. THEY LOVE TO POSE AND
PREEN,

EACH POOL IS BUT A LOOKING-GLASS
WHERE THEIR SWEET WINGS ARE
SEEN.
THEY'RE GENTLEMEN — ADVENTURERS,
THEY'RE GIPSIES EVERY WHIT,
THEY LIVE ON WHAT THEY STEAL. THEIR
WINGS BY BRIARS ARE FRAYED A BIT.
THEIR LOVES ARE LIGHT. THEY HAVE NO
HOUSE. AND IF IT RAINS TODAY
THEY'LL CLIMB INTO YOUR CATTLE-SHED,
AND HIDE THEM IN THE HAY.

THE GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS KITTEN.

HERE LIES A KITTEN GOOD, WHO KEPT
A KITTEN'S PROPER PLACE.
HE STOLE NO PANTRY EATABLES,
NOR SCRATCHED THE BABY'S FACE.
HE LET THE ALLEY-CATS ALONE,
HE HAD NO YOWLING VICE.
HIS SHIRT WAS ALWAYS LAUNDBRIED WELL,
HE FREED THE HOUSE OF MICE.
UNTIL HIS DEATH HE HAD NOT CAUSED
HIS LITTLE MISTRESS TEARS,
HE WORE HIS RIBBON PRETTILY,
HE WASHED BEHIND HIS EARS.

AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

(IN THE BEGINNING.)

THE SUN IS A HUNTRESS YOUNG,
THE SUN IS A RED, RED JOY,
THE SUN IS AN INDIAN GIRL,
OF THE TRIBE OF THE ILLINOIS.

(MID-MORNING.)

THE SUN IS A SMOULDERING FIRE,
THAT CREEPS THROUGH THE HIGH GREY
PLAIN

AND LEAVES NOT A BUSH OF CLOUD
TO BLOSSOM WITH FLOWERS OF RAIN.

(NOON.)

THE SUN IS A WOUNDED DEER,
THAT TREADS PALE GRASS IN THE SKIES.
SHAKING HIS GOLDEN HORNS,
FLASHING HIS BALEFUL EYES.

(SUNSET.)

THE SUN IS AN EAGLE OLD,
THERE IN THE WINDLESS WEST
ATOP OF THE SPIRIT-CLIFFS
HE BUILDS HIM A CRIMSON NEST.

WHY I FLED FROM DUTY.

I HAVE LOST YOU, LITTLE MISS DUTY.
I TOLD YOU MY LUST AND LOVE,
LUST LIKE THE PULSE OF THE TIGER—
THE HUNGER OF HAWK FOR DOVE.
I HAVE LOST YOU, LITTLE MISS DUTY,
THOUGH I BROUGHT YOU MYSELF QUITE
WHOLE,
WHITE BODY AND BLACK DESIRE—
CONSCIENCE, AND BREATH, AND SOUL.
"YOU ARE NAKED," SAID LITTLE MISS
DUTY,
"GO HIDE IN THE CAVES AND HILLS,
FOR I MUST BE GILDING COBWERS,
I AM CHAINED IN THE COBWEB MILLS.

MY SILK BUYS BREAD AND BUTTER
AND PAYS MY DEBT ON THE FARM."
SO I STOLE HER SHOE FOR REMEMBRANCE
AND FLED LEST I DO HER HARM.

MACHINERY.

OH, EGYPT—QUEEN OF EGYPT—
WHEN I WAS KING OF BIRDS
YOU CALLED ME FROM THE TREETOPS
WITH MYSTIC COPTIC WORDS.
YOU WHISTLED AND YOU WHISPERED,
THEN MOCKED ME, FICKLE QUEEN.
YOU SAID TO ALL MY SOUL TALK:
"A BIRD IS A MACHINE."
YOUR TRIBE WAS OLD IN SCIENCE,
YOU SAID TO ME—"YOUR WINGS
ARE RODS AND STRINGS AND HINGES;
THE PLACE IN YOU THAT SINGS.
"IS A TINY WILLOW WHISTLE,
QUITE WELL DEvised, BUT STILL
A SISTRUM MAKES MORE MUSIC:
A FEATHER'S BUT A QUILL;
"A CLAW IS BUT A NEEDLE:
"A CRAW, A MILL FOR CORN;
YOUR HEART IS BUT A LITTLE PUMP,
YOUR SOUL WAS NEVER BORN."

BUT THEN, I SANG SO DESPERATELY
I MADE FAIR EGYPT SIGH:—
"OH DOWNY SOUL IMMORTAL!
OH BIRD THAT CANNOT DIE!"

LOVE AND LAW.

TRUE LOVE IS FOUNDED IN ROCKS OF RE-
MEMBRANCE,
IN STONES OF FORBEARANCE AND MORTAR
OF PAIN.
THE WORKMAN LAYS WEARILY GRANITE
ON GRANITE,
AND BLEEDS FOR HIS CASTLE 'MID SUN-
SHINE AND RAIN.
LOVE IS NOT VELVET, NOT ALL OF IT VEL-
VET,
NOT ALL OF IT BANNERS, NOT GOLD-LEAF
ALONE.
'TIS STERN AS THE AGES. AND OLD AS
RELIGION,
WITH PATIENCE ITS WATCHWORD AND
LAW FOR ITS THRONE.

THE FLIGHT OF MONA LISA.

BEING THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE
STEALING OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S MAS-
TERPIECE FROM THE GALLERY OF THE
LOUVRE.
ALWAYS ENTHRONED, AND EVER WISE AND
STILL * * *
RIVERS OF STARING, STRENUOUS FOLK
WENT BY.
ONLY THE WISE AND RIPE OF SOUL
WOULD PAUSE,
MARKING THE SHADOWED MAGIC OF YOUR
EYE * * *
NOW MOBS UNDO YOUR NAME WITH
CLACKING TONGUE.
TOO DULL TO KNOW THE LADY THAT YOU
ARE,

IGNORANT OF THE RENAISSANCE SO SWEET
OF WHICH YOU WERE THE CULMINATING
STAR—

CROWDS, TO WHOM BEAUTY IS A HIDDEN
BOOK—

THOUGH THEY GO SEEK IT TILL THEIR
EYES ARE RED;

MEN TO WHOM LEONARDO IS UNKNOWN
OR BUT A DUSTY FAME, A LONG TIME
DEAD:

THESE SAY THAT YOU WERE COURTED BY
A THIEF,

NAY, RATHER, AFTER HALF A THOUSAND
YEARS,

YOUR SMILE TOOK ON AN UNEXPECTED
BLOOM,

DESIRE AROSE THAT MOVED YOU NIGH TO
TEARS.

YOU FLASHED THAT PRINCESS-GLANCE
THAT WAS COMMAND—

"CARRY ME WITH YOU YOUTH. I LEAVE
THIS PLACE.

I GROW LOVE-HUNGRY 'MID THE CEN-
TURIES,

YOURS IS THE DESTINED, FLUSHED ADOR-
ING FACE!"

AH, WHAT A BEAUTEOUS, WICKED THING
IT WAS,

THIS RECKLESS HOPE OF YOURS THAT
STUNG HIM SO—

TILL, SCORNING YOUR FAIR PALACE AND
YOUR GUARD,

HE HAILED YOU TO SOME LONELY PLACE
AGLOW.

WHY DID THIS SUDDEN THIRST OF YOURS
AWAKE?

CAN FEVER MUTINY IN VEINS SO OLD?

WHAT, IN HIS GESTURE TAMED YOUR
SPIRIT HIGH?

WHAT, IN HIS FIGURE MADE YOUR
GLANCES BOLD?

TILL, DAY BY DAY YOUR LONG LOOK
WITCHING HIM,

HIS FLAGGING PULSES KINDLED TO SPICED
FIRE,

AND REACHED AT LAST THE RENAISSANCE
SUPREME

ATTAINED THE HEIGHT OF FLORENTINE
DESIRE?

I KNOW 'T WAS LEONARDO CAME TO EARTH
IN MASQUERADING FANCY DRESSED SO
GAY.

TRANSFORMED INTO A CARELESS ARTIST-
BOY,

A LOAFING STUDENT WASTING OUT THE
DAY.

AH, GROWN SO WEARY OF HIGH HEAVEN'S
STREETS!

AND OF THE GLITTERING SAINTS TOO-
RIGHTEOUS GRACE!

WEARY OF GODLY SUNSHINE WITHOUT
END!

SEEKING AGAIN THE SHADOWS OF YOUR
FACE!

YOU DID NOT KNOW HIM FOR HIMSELF
UNTIL

YOU FLED, WITHIN HIS ARMS, ADOWN
THE STAIR,

THEN, (AND YOU SAW THE GLEAMING
PARIS STREET),
HE STOOD, A GREY WISE MAN BESIDE YOU
THERE.

A WANDERING JEW, TO YOU HIS HEART'S
OLD HOME,

HE CAME, AND GAVE YOUR SOUL AT LAST
SURPRISE,

HE STRANGELY BROUGHT A CHILD-ASTON-
ISHMENT,

A NOBLE MAIDEN-WONDER TO YOUR EYES.
HE RAVISHED YOU AWAY TO HEAVEN

WITH HIM,

STILL YEARNING FOR YOUR BITTER KISS
AGAIN—

YOUR BITTER, GENTLE, DOVE-LIKE WEARI-
NESS,

AND FOLLIES GARNERED 'MID THE SONS
OF MEN.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE BOTTLE VOLCANIC.

SOMETIMES I DIP MY PEN AND FIND THE
BOTTLE FULL OF FIRE,

THE SALAMANDERS FLYING FORTH I CAN-
NOT BUT ADMIRE.

ITS ETNA, OR VESUVIUS, IF THOSE BIG
THINGS WERE SMALL,

AND THEN 'TIS BUT ITSELF AGAIN, AND
DOES NOT SMOKE AT ALL.

AND SO MY BLOOD GROWS COLD. I SAY,
"THE BOTTLE HELD BUT INK,

AND, IF YOU THOUGHT IT OTHERWISE,
THE WORSE FOR YOUR THINK."

AND THEN, JUST AS I THROW MY SCRIB-
BLED PAPER ON THE FLOOR

THE BOTTLE SAYS "FE, FI, FO, FUM," AND
STEAMS AND SHOUTS SOME MORE.

OH, SAD DECEIVING INK, AS BAD AS LIQUOR
IN ITS WAY—

ALL DEMONS OF A BOTTLE SIZE HAVE
PRANCED FROM YOU TODAY,

AND SEIZED MY PEN FOR HOBBY-HORSE
AS WITCHES RIDE A BROOM,

AND LEFT A TRAIL OF BRIMSTONE WORDS
AND BLOTS AND GOBS OF GLOOM.

AND YET WHEN I AM EXTRA GOOD AND
SAY MY PRAYERS AT NIGHT,

AND MIND MY MA, AND DO THE CHORES,
AND SPEAK TO FOLKS POLITE,

MY BOTTLE SPREADS A RAINBOW-MIST, AND
FROM THE VAPOR FINE

TEN THOUSAND TROOPS FROM FAIRYLAND
COME RIDING IN A LINE.

I'VE SEEN THEM ON THEIR CHARGERS
RACE AROUND MY STUDY CHAIR,

THEY OPENED WIDE THE WINDOW AND
RODE FORTH UPON THE AIR.

THE ARMY WIDENED AS IT WENT, AND
INTO MYRIADS GREW,

OH, HOW THE LANCES SHIMMERED, HOW
THE SILVERY TRUMPETS BLEW!

THE MAGICAL VILLAGE

THE PATIENT WITCH.

A LADY CALLED THE PATIENT WITCH,
LIVED NEAR US LONG AGO.
OUR SERVANTS GAVE HER OFF AND ON
A BIT OF COIN OR SO,
TO TELL THEM WHAT THEIR DREAMS
COULD MEAN,
AND IF THEIR LOVES WERE TRUE;
TO STUDY OUT THEIR PALMS AND SAY—
“A PALACE WAITS FOR YOU,”
AND THEN SHE ALWAYS WAS POLITE,
AND SAID, “HOW DO YOU FARE?
I HOPE YOUR LITTLE GIRL IS WELL,”
WITH A MOST PLEASANT AIR.
SHE MUMBLED MUCH, WE KNEW NOT
WHAT—
EACH AFTERNOON WOULD WAIT
BESIDE THE GUIDE-POST TO THE WEST
FOR SOME EXALTED FATE.
SHE LOOKED DOWN EVERY ROAD AS
THOUGH
A STATELY COACH WAS DUE,
TO BEAR HER HOME TO SOMEWHERE
ELSE,
TO FOLKS SHE REALLY KNEW.
“ONE EVENING,” SAID A LITTLE BOY,
THE ONLY ONE ANIGH,
“SHE TOLD ME PRETTY STORIES, AND
SHE KISSED MY CURLS GOODBY,
AND TURNED INTO A SWAN AND SPREAD
HER WHITE WINGS BIG AND WIDE.
AND FLEW AND FLEW INTO THE SKY!
AND I CAME HOME AND CRIED.”

EDEN IN WINTER.

SUPPOSED TO BE CHANTED TO SOME RUDE
INSTRUMENT AT A MODERN FIRE-
PLACE.

CHANT WE THE STORY NOW
THOUGH IN A HOUSE WE SLEEP.
THOUGH BY A HEARTH OF COALS
VIGIL TONIGHT WE KEEP.
CHANT WE THE STORY NOW,
OF THE VAGUE LOVE WE KNEW
WHEN I FROM OUT THE SEA
ROSE TO THE FEET OF YOU.
BIRD FROM THE CLIFFS YOU CAME
FLEW THROUGH THE SNOW TO ME,
FACING THE ICY BLAST
THERE BY THE ICY SEA.
HOW DID I REACH YOUR FEET?
WHY SHOULD I—AT THE END
HOLD OUT HALF FROZEN HANDS
DUMBLY TO YOU MY FRIEND?
NE’ER HAD I WOMAN SEEN,
NE’ER HAD I SEEN A FLAME.
THERE YOU PILED FAGOTS ON
HEAT ROSE—THE BLAST TO TAME.
THERE BY THE CAVE-DOOR DARK
COMFORTING ME YOU CRIED—
WAILED O’ER MY WOUNDED KNEE
WEPT FOR MY ROCK-TORN SIDE.
UP FROM THE SOUTH I TRAILED—
LEFT REGIONS FIERCE AND FAIR!
LEFT ALL THE JUNGLE-TREES
LEFT THE RED TIGER’S LAIR.

DREAM LED, I SCARCE KNEW WHY,
INTO YOUR NORTH I TROD—
NE’ER HAD I KNOWN THE SNOW.
OR THE FROST-BLASTED SOD.
OH HOW THE FLAKES CAME DOWN!
OH HOW THE FIRE BURNED HIGH!
STRANGE THING TO SEE HE WAS
THROUGH HIS DRY TWIGS WOULD FLY.
CREEP THERE AWHILE AND SLEEP—
THEN WAKE AND BARK FOR FIGHT—
BITING IF I TOO NEAR,
CAME TO HIS EYE SO BRIGHT.
THEN WITH A WILL YOU FED
WOOD TO HIS HUNGRY TONGUE.
THEN HE DID LEAP AND SING—
DANCING THE CLOUDS AMONG.
TURNING THE NIGHT TO NOON,
STINGING MY EYES WITH LIGHT,
MAKING THE SNOW RETREAT,
MAKING THE CAVE-HOUSE BRIGHT.
THERE WERE DRY FAGOTS PILED,
NUTS AND DRY LEAVES AND ROOTS,
STORES THERE OF FURS AND HIDES.
SWEET-BARKS AND GRAINS AND FRUITS.
THERE WRAPPED IN FUR WE LAY
HALF-BURNED, HALF-FROZEN STILL—
NE’ER WILL MY SOUL FORGET
ALL THE NIGHT’S BITTER CHILL.
WE HAD NOT LEARNED TO SPEAK
I WAS TO YOU A STRANGE
WOLFLING OR WOUNDED FAWN
LOST FROM HIS FOREST-RANGE.
THIRSTING FOR BLOODY MEAT
OUT AT THE DAWN WE WENT,
WEIGHED WITH OUR PREY AT EVE.
HOME-CAME WE ALL FORESPENT.
COMRADES AND HUNTERS TRIED
ERE WE WERE MAID AND MAN—
NOT TILL THE SPRING AWOKE
LAUGHTER AND SPEECH BEGAN.
WHINING LIKE FOREST DOGS,
RUSTLING LIKE BUDDING TREES,
BUBBLING LIKE THAWING SPRINGS.
HUMMING LIKE LITTLE BEES,
CROONING LIKE MAYTIME TIDES,
CHATTERING PARROT WORDS,
CRYING THE PANTHER’S CRY,
CHIRPING LIKE MATING BIRDS—
THUS, THUS, WE LEARNED TO SPEAK,
WHO, ’MID THE SNOWS WERE DUMB,
NOR DID WE LEARN TO KISS
UNTIL THE SPRING HAD COME.

THE TOWER BUILDER.

IN AN IMPERIAL HOUR
WITH COUNTENANCE BENIGN,
VENUS THE HOLY CAME
AND LAID KIND HANDS IN MINE.
HANDS I CANNOT FORGET.
NEVER A WORD SHE SPOKE.
SHE GAVE HER FINGER-TIPS
AND MY DEAD SOUL AWOKE.
I LEARNED WHY STRONG MEN TOIL,
AND WHY BRIGHT CITIES RISE.
I HARDLY TOUCHED HER HAIR,
AND SCARCELY SAW HER EYES.

THOUGH SHE IS GONE I BUILD
BY HER STRONG HANDS ALL DAY.
I HAVE THE KEY TO LIFE
A POWER WORDS CANNOT SAY.

QUEEN MAB IN THE VILLAGE.

OH, ONCE I LOVED A FAIRY,
QUEEN MAB IT WAS. HER VOICE
WAS LIKE A LITTLE FOUNTAIN
THAT BIDS THE BIRDS REJOICE.
HER FACE WAS WISE AND SOLEMN,
HER HAIR WAS BROWN AND FINE.
HER DRESS WAS PANSY VELVET,
A BUTTERFLY DESIGN.
TO SEE HER HOVER ROUND ME
OR WALK THE HILLS OF AIR,
AWAKENED LOVE'S DEEP PULSES
AND BOYHOOD'S FIRST DESPAIR;
A PASSION LIKE A SWORD-BLADE
THAT PIERCED ME THROUGH AND
THROUGH,

HER FINGERS HEALED THE SORROW
HER WHISPER WOULD RENEW.
WE SIGHED AND REIGNED AND FEASTED
WITHIN A HOLLOW TREE,
WE VOWED OUR LOVE WAS BOUNDLESS
ETERNAL AS THE SEA.

SHE BANISHED FROM HER KINGDOM
THE MORTAL BOY I GREW—
SO TALL AND CRUDE AND NOISY,
I KILLED GRASSHOPPERS TOO,
I THREW BIG ROCKS AT PIGEONS,
I PLUCKED AND TORE APART
THE WEEPING, WAILING DAISIES,
AND BROKE MY LADY'S HEART.

AT LENGTH I GREW TO MANHOOD,
I SCARCELY COULD BELIEVE,
I EVER LOVED THE LADY,
OR CAUSED HER COURT TO GRIEVE,
UNTIL A DREAM CAME TO ME
ONE BLEAK FIRST NIGHT OF SPRING
'ERE TIDES OF APPLE BLOSSOMS
ROLLED IN O'ER EVERYTHING,
WHILE RAIN AND SLEET AND SNOWBANKS
WERE STILL A VEXING MEN,
'ERE ROBIN AND HIS COMRADES
WERE NESTING ONCE AGAIN.

I SAW MAB'S BOOK OF JUDGMENT—
ITS CLASPS WERE IRON AND STONE,
ITS LEAVES WERE MAMMOTH IVORY.
ITS BOARDS WERE MAMMOTH BONE,—
HID IN HER SEASIDE MOUNTAINS,
FORGOTTEN OR UNKEPT,
BENEATH ITS MIGHTY COVERS
HER WRATH AGAINST ME SLEPT.
AND DEEPLY I REPENTED
OF BRASH AND BOYISH CRIME,
OF MURDER OF THINGS LOVELY
NOW AND IN OLDEN TIME.
I CURSED MY VAIN AMBITION,
MY WOULD-BE WORLDLY DAYS,
AND CRAVED THE PATHS OF WONDER,
OF DEWY DAWNS AND FAYS.
I CRIED, "OUR LOVE WAS BOUNDLESS
ETERNAL AS THE SEA,
OH, QUEEN, REVERSE THE SENTENCE,
COME BACK AND MASTER ME!"
THE BOOK WAS BY THE CLIFF-SIDE

UPON ITS EDGE UPRIGHT.
I LAID ME BY IT SOFTLY,
AND WEPT THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.
AND THERE AT DAWN I SAW IT,
NO BOOK NOW BUT A DOOR,
UPON ITS PANELS WRITTEN
"JUDGMENT IS NO MORE."
THE BOLT FLEW BACK WITH THUNDER,
I SAW WITHIN THAT PLACE
A MERMAID WRAPPED IN SEAWEED
WITH MAB'S IMMORTAL FACE,
YET GROWN NOW TO A WOMAN,
A WOMAN TO THE KNEE.
SHE CRIED, SHE CLASPED ME FONDLY,
WE SOON WERE IN THE SEA.
AH, SHE WAS WISE AND SUBTLE;
AND GAY AND STRONG AND SLEEK,
WE CHAINED THE WICKED SWORD-FISH,
WE PLAYED AT HIDE AND SEEK.
WE FLOATED ON THE WATER,
WE HEARD THE DAWN-WIND SING,
I MADE FROM OCEAN-WONDERS
HER BRIDAL WREATH AND RING.
ALL MORTAL GIRLS WERE SHADOWS,
ALL EARTH-LIFE BUT A MIST,
WHEN DEEP BENEATH THE MAELSTROM,
THE MERMAID'S HEART I KISSED.
I WOKE BESIDE THE CHURCH-DOOR
OF OUR SMALL INLAND TOWN,
BOWING TO A MAIDEN
IN A PANSY-VELVET GOWN,
WHO HAD NOT HEARD OF FAIRIES,
YET SEEMED OF LOVE TO DREAM.
WE PLANNED AN EARTHLY COTTAGE
BESIDE AN EARTHLY STREAM.
OUR WEDDING LONG IS OVER,
WITH TOIL THE YEARS FILL UP,
YET IN THE EVENING SILENCE,
WE DRINK A DEEP-SEA CUP.
NOTHING THE FAY REMEMBERS,
YET WHEN SHE TURNS TO ME,
WE MEET BENEATH THE WHIRLPOOL,
WE SWIM THE GOLDEN SEA.

THE MASTER OF THE DANCE.

A MASTER DEEP-EYED
ERE HIS MANHOOD WAS RIPE,
HE SANG LIKE A THRUSH,
HE COULD PLAY ANY PIPE.
SO DULL IN THE SCHOOL
THAT HE SCARCELY COULD SPELL,
HE READ BUT A BIT,
AND HE FIGURED NOT WELL.
A BARE-FOOTED FOOL,
SHOD ONLY WITH GRACE;
LONG HAIR STREAMING DOWN
ROUND A WIND-HARDENED FACE;
HE SMILED LIKE A GIRL,
OR LIKE CLEAR WINTER SKIES,
A VIRGINAL LIGHT
MAKING STARS OF HIS EYES.
IN SWIFTESS AND POISE,
A PROUD CHILD OF THE DEER,
A WHITE FAWN HE WAS,
YET A FAWN WITHOUT FEAR.
NO YOUTH THOUGHT HIM VAIN,
OR MADE MOCK OF HIS HAIR,
OR LAUGHED WHEN HIS WAYS

WERE MOST CURIOUSLY FAIR.
 A MASTIFF AT FIGHT
 HE COULD STRIKE TO THE EARTH
 THE ENVIOUS ONE
 WHO WOULD CHALLENGE HIS WORTH.
 HOWEVER WE BOWED
 TO THE SCHOOLMASTER MILD,
 OUR SPIRITS WENT OUT
 TO THE FAWN-FOOTED CHILD.
 HIS BECKONING LED
 OUR TROOP INTO THE BRUSH.
 WE FOUND NOTHING THERE
 BUT A WIND AND A HUSH.
 HE SAT BY A STONE
 AND HE LOOKED ON THE GROUND,
 AS IF IN THE WEEDS
 THERE WAS SOMETHING PROFOUND.
 HIS PIPE SEEMED TO NEIGH,
 THEN TO BLEAT LIKE A SHEEP,
 THEN SOUND LIKE A STREAM
 OR A WATERFALL DEEP.
 IT WHISPERED STRANGE TALES,
 HUMAN WORDS IT SPOKE NOT.
 TOLD FAIR THINGS TO COME,
 AND OUR MARVELOUS LOT
 IF NOW WITH FAWN-STEPS
 UNSHOD WE ADVANCED
 TO THE MIDST OF THE GROVE
 AND IN REVERENCE DANCED.
 WE OBEYED AS HE PIPED
 SOFT GRASS TO YOUNG FEET,
 WAS A MEDICINE MIGHTY,
 A REMEDY MEET.
 OUR THIN BLOOD AWOKE,
 IT GREW DIZZY AND WILD,
 THOUGH SCARCELY A WORD
 MOVED THE LIPS OF A CHILD.
 OUR DANCE GAVE ALLEGIANCE,
 IT SET US APART,
 WE TRIPPED A STRANGE MEASURE,
 UPLIFTED OF HEART.

II

WE THOUGHT TO BE PROUD
 OF OUR FAWN EVERYWHERE.
 WE COULD HARDLY SEE HOW
 SIMPLE BOOKS WERE A CARE.
 NO RULE OF THE SCHOOL
 THIS STRANGE STUDENT COULD TAME.
 HE WAS BANISHED ONE DAY,
 WHILE WE QUIVERED WITH SHAME.
 HE PIPED BACK OUR LOVE
 ON A MOON-SILVERED NIGHT,
 ENTICED US ONCE MORE
 TO THE PLACE OF DELIGHT.
 A GREETING HE SANG
 AND IT MADE OUR BLOOD BEAT,
 IT TRAMPED UPON CUSTOM
 AND MOCKED AT DEFEAT.
 HE BUILT A FIRE
 AND WE TRIPPED IN A RING,
 THE EMBERS OUR BOOKS
 AND THE FAWN OUR GOOD KING.
 AND NOW WE APPROACHED
 ALL THE MYSTERIES RARE
 THAT SHADOWED HIS EYELIDS
 AND BLEW THROUGH HIS HAIR.
 THAT SPELL NOW WAS PEACE

THE DEEP STRENGTH OF THE TREES,
 THE CHILDREN OF NATURE
 WE CLAMBERED HER KNEES,
 OUR BREATH AND OUR MOODS
 WERE IN TUNE WITH HER OWN,
 TREMENDOUS HER PRESENCE
 ETERNAL HER THRONE.
 THE OSTRACISED CHILD
 OUR WHITE FOREHEADS KISSED,
 OUR BODIES AND SOULS
 BECAME LIGHTER THAN MIST.
 SWEET DRESSES LIKE SNOW
 OUR SMALL LADY-LOVES WORE,
 LIKE MOONLIGHT THE THOUGHTS
 THAT OUR BOSOMS UPBORE,
 LIKE A LILY THE TOUCH
 OF EACH COLD LITTLE HAND,
 THE LOVES OF THE STARS
 WE COULD NOW UNDERSTAND.
 O QUIVERING AIR!
 O THE CRYSTALLINE NIGHT!
 O PAUSES OF AWE
 AND THE FACES SWAN-WHITE!
 O FERNS IN THE DUSK!
 O FOREST-SHRINED HOUR!
 O EARTH THAT SENT UP
 THE VAST THRILL AND THE POWER.
 TO LIFT US LIKE LEAVES
 A DELIRIOUS WHIRL
 THE MASTERFUL BOY
 AND THE DELICATE GIRL!
 WHAT CHILD THAT STRANGE NIGHT-TIME
 CAN EVER FORGET?

HIS FEALTY DUE
 AND HIS INFINITE DEBT
 TO THE FOLLY DIVINE,
 TO THE EXQUISITE RULE
 OF THE PERILOUS MASTER
 THE FAWN-FOOTED FOOL?

III

NOW SOLDIERS WE SEEM,
 AND NIGHT BRINGS A NEW THING
 A TERRIBLE IRE
 AS OF THUNDER AWING.
 A WARRIOR POWER,
 THAT OLD CHIVALRY STIRRED,
 WHEN KNIGHTS TOOK UP ARMS.
 AS THE MAIDENS GAVE WORD.
 THE END OF OUR WAR,
 WILL BE WHITE-BANNERED DAYS,
 WHEN THE TOWN LIKE A GREAT
 BUDDING ROSE SHALL UPRaise!
 NEAR, NEARER, THAT WAR,
 AND THAT ECSTASY COMES,
 WE HEAR THE TREES BEATING

INVISIBLE DRUMS.
THE FIELDS OF THE NIGHT
ARE STARLIGHTED ABOVE,
OUR GIRLS ARE WHITE TORCHES
OF CONQUEST AND LOVE.
NO NERVE WITHOUT WILL,
AND NO BREAST WITHOUT BREATH,
WE WHIRL WITH THE PLANETS
THAT NEVER KNOW DEATH!

THE DANDELION.

O DANDELION, RICH AND HAUGHTY,
KING OF VILLAGE FLOWERS!
EACH DAY IS CORONATION TIME,
YOU HAVE NO HUMBLE HOURS.
I LIKE TO SEE YOU BRING A TROOP
TO BEAT THE BLUE-GRASS SPEARS,
TO SCORN THE LAWN-MOWER THAT
WOULD BE
LIKE FATE'S TRIUMPHANT SHEARS.
YOUR YELLOW HEADS ARE CUT AWAY,
IT SEEMS YOUR REIGN IS O'ER.
BY NOON YOU RAISE A SEA OF STARS
MORE GOLDEN THAN BEFORE.

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW.

I LIGHT MY HOMELY LAMP AGAIN TO-
NIGHT,
AND SAY—"PERHAPS A WANDERING ONE
GOES BY,
HURRIED PAST DOOR-WAYS WHERE THE
WATCH-DOGS GROWL—"
THE HEARTH'S THE STRANGER DARES NOT
COME ANIGH.
WE SIT IN STOLID CIRCLE AT THE BOARD,
AND NEVER A SON OR DAUGHTER TELLS A
TALE.
THE FAITHFUL MOTHER FINDS NO CHEER
IN TOIL,
OUR ROSY INFANT'S CROW CAN NAUGHT
AVAIL.
THE COUNTRYSIDE GROWS DULL WITH
HOMES UNSTIRRED,
THE PREACHER PRATES IN LONG-FAMILIAR
WORDS.
THE NEIGHBORS COME, WITH WOODEN
EYES, TO TALK
OF WEEDS AND FENCES, BARNs AND
FLOCKS AND HERDS.
PERHAPS TONIGHT WITHIN THE SOAKING
RAIN
SOME STORM-BLOWN BOY MOVES ON THAT
WE SHOULD KEEP,
TO BRING US LAUGHTER ROUND OUR ROAR-
ING STOVE,
TO SHOW US WHY WE SOW AND WHY WE
REAP.
TONIGHT, PERCHANCE, A CONQUERING ONE
RETURNS,
MASTER OF WEARINESS AND FATE AND
PAIN
WITHIN HIS POCKET NOTE-BOOKS OF HIS
LORE,
WITHIN HIS SOUL GREAT PASSIONS HELD
IN REIN.
PERHAPS, TONIGHT SOME WILD MAN
PASSES BY,

BEARING WISE PARCHMENTS FROM OLD
CITIES GRIM,
OR, IT MAY BE, A BETTER LAMP THAN
MINE
MORE LIKE ALADDIN'S, NOT, LIKE THIS
ONE, DIM.
ALL IT WILL NEED, THE OIL AND WICK
AND FLAME,
AND SHELTERED ROOM TO KEEP THE WIND
AWAY
I CAN PROVIDE. AH, IF A LAMP HE
BRINGS,
IT SHALL BE TRIMMED AND BURNISHED
EVERY DAY!

THE HEARTH ETERNAL.

THERE DWELT A WIDOW LEANED AND DE-
VOOUT,
BEHIND OUR HAMLET ON THE EASTERN
HILL.
THREE SONS SHE HAD, WHO WENT TO
FIND THE WORLD,
THEY PROMISED TO RETURN, BUT WAND-
ERED STILL.
THE CITIES USED THEM WELL, THEY WON
THEIR WAY,
RICH GIFTS THEY SENT, TO STILL THEIR
MOTHER'S SIGHS,
WORN OUT WITH HONORS, AND APART
FROM HER,
THEY DIED AS MANY A SELF-MADE EXILE
DIES.
THE MOTHER HAD A HEARTH THAT WOULD
NOT QUENCH,
THE DEATHLESS EMBERS FOUGHT THE
CREEPING GLOOM,
SHE SAID TO US WHO CAME WITH
WONDERING EYES—
"THIS IS A MAGIC FIRE, A MAGIC ROOM."
THE PINE BURNED OUT, BUT STILL THE
COALS GLOWED ON,
HER GRAVE GREW OLD BENEATH THE PEAR-
TREE SHADE,
AND YET HER CRUMBLING HOME EN-
SHRINED THE LIGHT,
THE NEIGHBORS PEERING IN WERE HALF-
AFRAID.
THEN STURDY BEGGARS, NEEDING FAGOTS
CAME,
ONE AT A TIME, AND STOLE THE WALLS,
AND FLOOR.
THEY LEFT A NAKED STONE, BUT HOW IT
BLAZED!
AND IN THE THUNDERSTORM IT FLARED
THE MORE.
AND NOW IT WAS THAT MEN WERE HEARD
TO SAY,
"THIS LIGHT SHOULD BE BELOVED BY ALL
THE TOWN."
AT LAST THEY MADE THE SLOPE A PLACE
OF PRAYER,
WHERE MARVELOUS THOUGHTS FROM GOD
CAME SWEEPING DOWN.
THEY LEFT THEIR CHURCHES CRUMBLING
IN THE SUN,
THEY MET ON THAT SOFT HILL, ONE
BROTHERHOOD;

ONE STRENGTH AND VALOR ONLY, ONE DE-
LIGHT,
ONE LAUGHING, BROODING GENIUS, GREAT
AND GOOD.
NOW MANY GREY-HAIRED PRODIGALS
COME HOME,
THE PLACE OUT-FLAMES THE CITIES OF
THE LAND,
AND TWICE-BORN BRAHMAN'S REACH US
FROM AFAR,
WITH SUBTLE EYES PREPARED TO UNDER-
STAND.
HIGHER AND HIGHER BURNS THE EASTERN
STEEP,
SHOWING THE ROADS THAT MARCH FROM
EVERYPLACE,
A STEADY BEACON O'ER THE WEARY
LEAGUES,
AT DEAD OF NIGHT IT LIGHTS THE TRAV-
ELLER'S FACE!
THUS HAS THE WIDOW CONQUERED HALF
THE EARTH,
SHE WHO INCREASED IN FAITH, THOUGH
ALL ALONE,
WHE KEPT HER EMPTY HOUSE A MAGIC
PLACE,
HAS MADE THE TOWN A HOLY ANGEL'S
THRONE.

THE BUSH OF BURNING SPICE.

FROM DUST CELESTIAL THAT A CLOUD LET
FALL,
A BUSH CAME UP, FULL FORTY YEARS UN-
SEEN,
THAT SCATTERED SMOKE AND EVER-BURN-
ING SPICE
ACROSS A FIELD OF THORNS AND BURDOCKS
MEAN.
AND THEN A CRIPPLED CHILD ON A SWEET
TIME,
OF HOLIDAY BEHELD IT DECK THE MORN.
HIS FRIEND, THE PASTOR, SAW ONE
BRANCH, AND SANG.
THE VILLAGE LAUGHED THE FLIGHTY PAIR
TO SCORN.
LATER THE TWO GROWN OLD AND STAIT
DENIED,
THE SOLITARY INSIGHT OF THEIR YOUTH,
AND MOCKED THEIR CHILDREN, WHO WITH
LAUGHTER SANG,
"OUR EYES BEHOLD THE DEATHLESS BUSH
OF TRUTH."
"WHY DANCE, PRAY TELL," THE CRIPPLE
ASKED, "AND CHANT
AROUND A CINDER IN AN EMPTY LOT?"
"NO BURNING BUSH," THE PASTOR SAID,
"HAS BLOOMED
SINCE MOSES' DAY. NEW MIRACLES
COME NOT."
AND YET THOSE FRAGILE CHILDREN GREW
IN STRENGTH,
RADIANT AND ROYAL AS THE YEARS IN-
CREASED.
AT LAST THEY BROUGHT THEIR REVERENT
LOVERS THERE
TO BREATHE THE SMOKE AS THOUGH IT
WERE A FEAST.

FROM EVERY BRANCH FLEW OUT A RAIN-
BOW BIRD,
A DARLING SONGSTER WITH HIS PLUMES
AFLAME,
AND EVERY BIRD FLEW ROUND AND ROUND
A CHILD,
AND SANG OF GOD, AND CALLED THE CHILD
BY NAME.
THESE SWEETHEART'S NE'ER WERE FALSE.
EACH WOMAN WORE
WITHIN HER LOCKET SAFE, A FEATHER
BLUE,
THAT DROPPED TO HER FROM OUT THOSE
WHIRRING PLUMES,
A TALISMAN THAT KEPT HER LOVER TRUE.
AND YET IN AFTER TIME THOSE DAYS
GREW DIM,
AND LEST THEY BE FOREVER LEFT BEHIND
THEY WROTE THEM IN A BOOK IN NOBLE
WORDS,
SWEET HYMNS ABOUT A BUSH THEY
COULD NOT FIND!

THE WOMAN CALLED "BEAUTY" AND HER SEVEN DRAGONS.

A POEM FOR THOSE WHO DESIRE AN
ESTHETIC UTOPIA.

SHE BUILT TO THE HEIGHT OF HER
BREAST,
AN EARTH-WORK OF THISTLES AND SOD.
SHE LAVED HER SOFT ARMS IN THE
SPRING,
SHE SCATTERED THE FIRE WITH A ROD.
THE ROSE-PETAL CHILD BY HER SIDE,
CRIED OUT WITH A COUNTENANCE WHITE,
THE MOUND THEY HAD BUILT AWOKE,
WITH EYES THAT WERE BLINKING AND
BRIGHT.
THE SEVEN STRANGE DRAGONS OF ART,
CAME FORTH LIKE GOLD PARCHMENTS UN-
ROLLED,
AND FAWNED ON THE SIBYL'S DOVE-HAND,
SUBMISSIVE AS SHEEP FROM THE FOLD.
YET SHIMMERING OPALS OF FIRE,
YET TITAN CHAMELEON—KINGS,
ALL HISSING IMPATIENTLY THERE,
UNSHEATHING THEIR TUSKS AND THEIR
STINGS.
SHE LAUGHED WHILE THEY FOAMED O'ER
THE FIELD,
AND BLASTED THE HEDGES WITH HEAT,
AND POUNDED THE BOULDERS TO DUST,
AND ATE THE RED FAGOTS LIKE MEAT.

II

GO FORTH. TEAR THIS IRON AGE DOWN.
"MY SONS," THUS THE WISE WOMAN
SPOKE,
"AND SET EVERY FANTASY FREE,
AND EVERY CRUSHED WORKER UNYOKE.
ESTABLISH THE SANDALWOOD AGE,
ESTABLISH THE WHITE AGE OF ART,
WHEN EARTH WILL STILL SIN AS OF OLD,
BUT SIN WITH A LOFTIER HEART.
WHEN CATIFFS AND BRAGGARTS WILL
SLAY,
BUT SLAY WITH A LOFTIER LUST,

WHEN LAUGHTER'S BRIGHT ROAD WILL BE
 CLEAN,
 AND TRAGEDY'S PATH MORE AUGUST.
 WHEN YOUTH WILL CLIMB RECKLESSLY
 STILL,
 BUT CLIMB DRAGON-GREAT IN ITS PRIDE,
 AND FULL-BLOODED, FURIOUS HOSTS,
 WILL FLAUNT MY WHITE BANNER AND
 RIDE
 TO FIGHT AGAINST BALLOTS WITH TRUTH,
 'GAINST MOBS, WITH THE CHISEL AND
 PEN;
 THE PRIZE OF MY SOLDIERS TO BE
 FAIR CONTINENTS FITTED FOR MEN."

III

THE DRAGONS GAVE HEED TO THAT WORD,
 LIKE FIELD-FLOWERS THEY BOWED TO HER
 BREATH,
 WHO MADE THEM AND ORDERED THEM
 FORTH,
 WITH POWERS OF CREATION AND DEATH.
 THE CHILD SMOOTHED THEIR LEONINE
 MANES.
 FROM WIZARDRY HID IN THAT HAND,
 THEY GREW AS THE THUNDER-CLOUDS
 GROW,
 ENCOMPASSING WATER AND LAND.
 AND OH, HOW THEIR SERPENTINE SCALES
 FLASHED, RATTLED AND CRASHED IN THE
 AIR!

THEY CLIMBED WITH ALL-CONQUERING
 COILS,
 GOD'S CRYSTAL, IMPERIAL STAIR.
 THEY ROARED THROUGH THE PATHWAYS
 OF DAY,
 SKY SWEEPING THEIR FOAM-FURROWS
 FLEW,
 THE SUN WAS AN ISLAND BESIEGED,
 THEIR PENNONS TALL WAVES OF THE
 BLUE.
 BEHEMOTHS THEY WERE OF THAT TIDE,
 OVERHEAD THAT MEN CALL THE HIGH
 NOON,
 THEIR CRIES IN BLOOD-STIRRING ACCORD,
 LIKE TRUMPETS OF DOOMSDAY IN TUNE!

AND NOW THEY WERE GONE LIKE THE
 WIND,
 AND CLOUDLESS AND SILENT THE HOUR,
 THE SIBYL WENT BACK TO THE TOWN,
 AND HER SONS HURRIED FORTH IN HER
 POWER.

THE SOUL OF A BUTTERFLY.

I STOOD ON THE WALL WITHOUT A DOOR,
 WHERE THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS BEGAN,
 ON THE SHORE OF THE DRIED-UP DEEP OF
 TIME,
 AND DEATH AND HELL AND MAN.
 BEHIND ME ROSE JERUSALEM,
 WITH A HUNDRED WALLS ON HIGH,
 TO THE ZENITH AND THE UPPER SOUTH,
 TO THE HILLS ABOVE THE SKY.
 I COULD NOT FACE THAT ROYAL TOWN,
 WITH ITS SIDES OF SOARING LIGHT;
 I STOOD ON THE LOWEST OUTER WALL
 AND LOOKED TO THE NORTHERN NIGHT,
 I CREEPT TO THE EDGE OF THE ADAMANT,

AND PEERED DOWN THE AWFUL STEEP,
 AND THE ANCIENT EARTH WAS A WILTING
 FLOWER,
 ON THE HEAVEN-LIT FIELDS OF THE DEEP.
 I KNEW OLD WORMS CONSUMED HER FACE,
 I KNEW ALL ELSE WAS FAIR,
 I KNEW SHE WAS THE BLACKEST PLACE
 WITHIN THE DEEPER AIR.
 AT LAST A CLOUD FROM THE RIVER DEATH,
 ROSE ROUND THAT TOMB OF MEN,
 BUT A VOICE WITHIN ME CRIED TO ME,
 "THE EARTH WILL LIVE AGAIN."
 AND THE CLOUD OUTSPREAD AND HID
 THE VOID,
 AND FOUND NOT ANY REST,
 TILL THE BOWL OF FATE WAS FILLED
 WITH MIST,
 TO THE LEVEL OF MY BREAST.
 AND NOW ON THE NORTH HORIZON'S RIM
 THE DEAD EARTH FLOATED, GRAY AND DIM,
 IT SEEMED TO ALWAYS FLOAT TO ME,
 AND THERE I WATCHED IT ENDLESSLY.
 I SAW THAT DEAD EARTH BUD AND BLOOM,
 AND FLASH WITH GOLD AND RED!
 AND NOW IT LOOKED ME IN THE FACE,
 A BUTTERFLY OF WONDROUS GRACE,
 THE SOUL OF A GIANT BUTTERFLY
 ARISEN FROM THE DEAD!

RELIGIOUS VERSES

HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE.
 HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE, WHEREVER
 THE FLAME IS UNFURLED,
 IN THE SUN, IT MAY BE, AS A TORCH, TO
 LEAD ON AND ENLIGHTEN THE WORLD;
 THAT MELTED THE GLACIAL STREAMS, IN
 THE DAY THAT NO MEMORIES REACH,
 THAT SHIMMERED IN AMBER AND SHELL
 AND WEED ON THE EARLIEST BEACH;
 THE GENIUS OF LOVE AND OF LIFE, THE
 POWER THAT WILL EVER ABOUND,
 THAT WAITS IN THE BONES OF THE DEAD,
 WHO SLEEP TILL THE JUDGMENT
 SHALL SOUND.
 HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE, WHEN
 CLOTHED IN SWIFT MUSIC IT COMES,
 THE GLOW OF THE HARVESTING SONGS, THE
 VOICE OF THE NATIONAL DRUMS;
 THE WHIMSICAL, VARIOUS FIRE, IN THE
 RHYMES AND IDEAS OF MEN,
 BURIED IN BOOKS FOR AN AGE, EXPLODING
 AND WRITHING AGAIN,
 AND BLOWN A RED WIND ROUND THE
 WORLD, CONSUMING THE LIES IN ITS
 MIRTH,
 THEN LOCKED IN DARK VOLUMES FOR
 LONG, AND BURIED LIKE COAL IN THE
 EARTH.
 HERE'S TO THE COMFORTING FIRE IN THE
 JOYS OF THE BLIND AND THE MEEK,
 IN THE CUSTOMS OF LETTERLESS LANDS,
 IN THE THOUGHTS OF THE STUPID
 AND WEAK.
 IN THE WEARIEST LEGENDS THEY TELL, IN
 THEIR CRUELEST COLDEST BELIEF,

IN THE PROVERBS OF COUNTER OR TILL, IN
THE ARTS OF THE PRIEST OR THE
THIEF.
HERE'S TO THE SPIRIT OF FIRE, THAT
NEVER THE OCEAN CAN DROWN,
THAT GLOWS IN THE PHOSPHORENT WAVE,
AND GLEAMS IN THE SEA-ROSES
CROWN;
THAT SLEEPS IN THE SUNBEAM AND MIST,
THAT CREEPS AS THE WISE CAN BUT
KNOW,
A WONDER, AN INCENSE, A WHIM, A PER-
FUME, A FEAR AND A GLOW,
ENSNARING THE STARS WITH A SPELL,
AND HOLDING THE EARTH IN A NET,
YEA, FILLING THE NATIONS WITH PRAYER,
WHEREVER MAN'S PATHWAY IS SET.

LOOK YOU, I'LL GO PRAY.

LOOK YOU, I'LL GO PRAY,
MY SHAME IS CRYING,
MY SOUL IS GREY AND FAINT,
MY FAITH IS DYING.
LOOK YOU, I'LL GO PRAY—
"SWEET MARY, MAKE ME CLEAN,
THOU RAINSTORM OF THE SOUL,
THOU WINE FROM WORLD'S UNSEEN."

THE MISSIONARY MISGIVING.

(WILL THE WORLD BE BUT NOMINALLY
CHRISTIAN?)

I SEE ANOTHER LUTHER
BRING WRATH TO INDIA'S EYES.
I SEE AN INQUISITION
BY CHINA'S CHURCHES RISE.
I SEE ANOTHER CROMWELL
SET FIRE TO GRIM JAPAN,
LONG IS THE ROAD AND DREADFUL,
WHEREBY CHRIST CONQUERS MAN.
OR, IF OUR CREEDS SHALL CRUMBLE?
WHAT IF THE AGES SEE,
A JESUS LIKE TO BUDDHA,
UNDER THE BOHDI TREE?
A CHRIST TOO LIKE CONFUCIUS,
WITH SILKEN ROBE AND FAN?
YET ARE THE YEARS TRIUMPHANT
IF CHRIST SHALL CONQUER MAN.
FOR CHRIST HAS COME IN GLORY,
WHEN MEN ARE BROTHERS HERE,
WHEN SWORDS ARE TURNED TO PLOUGH-
SHARES,
AND PEACE HAS VANQUISHED FEAR.
WHATEVER TOMB ENFOLDS HIM,
HOWEVER STRANGE HIS PLAN,
THE EARTH SHALL BE HIS THRONE-ROOM,
OUR CHRIST SHALL CONQUER MAN!

FOREIGN MISSIONS IN BATTLE ARRAY.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF SPLENDOR,
THESE TROOPS WITH HEAVEN FOR HOME,
WITH CREEDS THEY GO FROM SCOTLAND,
WITH INCENSE GO FROM ROME.
THESE, IN THE NAME OF JESUS,
AGAINST THE DARK GODS STAND,
THEY GIRD THE EARTH WITH VALOR,
THEY HEED THEIR KING'S COMMAND.

ONWARD THE LINE ADVANCES,
SHAKING THE HILLS WITH POWER,
SLAYING THE HIDDEN DEMONS,
THE LIONS THAT DEVOUR.
NO BLOODSHED IN THE WRESTLING.—
BUT SOULS NEW-BORN ARISE—
THE NATIONS-GROWING KINDER,
THE CHILD-HEARTS GROWING WISE.
WHAT IS THE FINAL ENDING?
THE ISSUE, CAN WE KNOW?
WILL CHRIST OUTLIVE MOHAMMED?
WILL KALI'S ALTAR GO?
THIS IS OUR FAITH TREMENDOUS.—
OUR WILD HOPE, WHO SHALL SCORN,—
THAT IN THE NAME OF JESUS
THE WORLD SHALL BE REBORN!

GALAHAD, KNIGHT WHO PERISHED.

A POEM DEDICATED TO ALL CRUSADERS
AGAINST THE INTERNATIONAL AND
INTERSTATE TRAFFIC IN
YOUNG GIRLS.

GALAHAD * * * SOLDIER THAT PER-
ISHED * * * AGES AGO,
OUR HEARTS ARE BREAKING WITH SHAME,
OUR TEARS OVERFLOW.
GALAHAD * * * KNIGHT WHO PER-
ISHED * * * AWAKEN AGAIN,
TEACH US TO FIGHT FOR IMMACULATE
WAYS AMONG MEN.
SOLDIERS FANTASTIC, WE PRAY TO THE
STAR OF THE SEA,
WE PRAY TO THE MOTHER OF GOD THAT
WHITE SLAVES MAY BE FREE.
ROSE-CROWNED LADY FROM HEAVEN. GIVE
US THY GRACE,
HELP US THE DESPERATE, DESPERATE BAT-
TLE TO FACE
TILL THE LEER OF THE TRADER IS SEEN
NEVERMORE IN THE LAND,
TILL WE BRING EVERY MAID OF THE AGE
TO ONE SHELTERING HAND.
AH, THEY ARE PRICELESS, THE PALE AND
THE IVORY AND RED!
BREATHLESS WE GAZE ON THE CURLS OF
EACH GLORIOUS HEAD!
ARM THEM WITH STRENGTH MEDIEVAL,
THY MARVELOUS DOWER,
BLAST NOW THEIR TEMPTERS. SHELTER
THEIR STEPS WITH THY POWER.
LEAVE NOT LIFE'S FAIREST TO PERISH—
STRANGERS TO THEE,
LET NOT THE WEAKEST BE SHIPWRECKED,
OH, STAR OF THE SEA!

THE PERILOUS ROAD.

A POEM FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

"HERMIT," THE YOUTH SAID, "TEACH MY
HEART THE WAYS
OF HEAVEN'S FREE DAYS.
AND ARE THEIR PLEASURES VARIOUS,
FRAGILE, FLEET
WHERE BRIGHT SOULS MEET?
FATHER IN GOD, FOR I HAVE FASTED LONG,
TEACH A WILD SONG.
TEACH ME, THE WHILE I KNEEL, A CURI-
OUS PRAYER
TO RULE THE AIR.

SHOW ME THE SECRET DOOR THAT OPENS
WIDE
WHERE CHARIOTS RIDE.
CHARIOTS THAT COME TO WHIRL YOU TO
THE SKY,
WHEN EVE IS NIGH,
CHARIOTS THAT BEAR YOU BACK TO TIME
AND SPACE,
AND THIS GRIM PLACE."
"NAY," SAID THE PALSIED MAN, "I KEEP
THE SPELL
OF HEAVEN, OF HELL.
NAY, THOUGH YOU KNEEL, GOOD YOUTH,
I WILL NOT SHOW
WHAT HERMITS KNOW.
SELDOM I DARE TO OPEN WIDE MINE EYES,
BY THAT PATH LIES
TERROR, AND ROSE-BRIARS FIERCE WILL
PIERCE AND SEAR,
THIS OLD FRAME HERE.
HE WHO WOULD SPEAK TO STRANGERS IN
THE NIGHT
GOING BY, IN WHITE:
HE WHO WOULD SPEAK TO CHRIST IN
FUNERAL ROOMS
AND BY NEW TOMBS:
WHO WOULD TOUCH THE HOT-WINGED,
TALL IMMORTAL MEN,
AND RETURN AGAIN:
MUST SCORN HIS DAILY LIFE AND NATURAL
FRIENDS,
SUCH FRIENDSHIP ENDS.
HE MUST LEAVE HIS SWEETHEART WEEP-
ING IN THE LANE,
TO FORESTALL HER PAIN
WHEN HE WAKES ONCE MORE, HER FIND-
ING HIM SO COLD
TO THEIR LOVE OF OLD.
A HEAVEN OF HEAVENS IS NOT ALWAYS
WORTH
A SURRENDERED EARTH.
ONE BLAST OF THAT PERILOUS AIR DRIES
UP THE HEART,
YEA, IT SETS APART
FROM ALL THINGS HERE THE SEER, HALF
MAD, ALONE,
LIKE A LEAF, A STONE."

HEART OF GOD.

A PRAYER IN THE JUNGLES OF HEAVEN.
O GREAT HEART OF GOD,
ONCE VAGUE AND LOST TO ME,
WHY DO I THROB WITH YOUR THROB TO-
NIGHT,
IN THIS LAND, ETERNITY?
O LITTLE HEART OF GOD,
SWEET INTRUDING STRANGER,
YOU ARE LAUGHING IN MY HUMAN
BREAST,
A CHRIST-CHILD IN A MANGER.
HEART, DEAR HEART OF GOD,
BESIDE YOU NOW I KNEEL,
STRONG HEART OF FAITH. O HEART NOT
MINE,
WHERE GOD HAS SET HIS SEAL.
WILD THUNDERING HEART OF GOD
OUT OF MY DOUBT I COME,

AND MY FOOLISH FEET WITH PROPHETS'
FEET,
MARCH WITH THE PROPHETS' DRUM.

IN MEMORY OF A CHILD.

I

THE ANGELS GUIDE HIM NOW.
AND WATCH HIS CURLY HEAD,
AND LEAD HIM IN THEIR GAMES,
THE LITTLE BOY WE LED.

II

HE CANNOT COME TO HARM,
HE KNOWS MORE THAN WE KNOW.
HIS LIGHT IS BRIGHTER FAR
THAN DAYTIME HERE BELOW.

III

HIS PATH LEADS ON AND ON.
THROUGH PLEASANT LAWNs AND FLOWERS,
HIS BROWN EYES OPEN WIDE
AT GRASS MORE GREEN THAN OURS.

IV

WITH PLAYMATES LIKE HIMSELF,
THE SHINING BOY WILL SING.
EXPLORING WONDROUS WOODS,
SWEET WITH ETERNAL SPRING.

V

YET, HE IS LOST TO US.
FAR IS HIS PATH OF GOLD,
FAR DOES THE CITY SEEM,
LONELY OUR HEARTS AND OLD.

RHYMES OF THE DAY AND HOUR

IN PRAISE OF SONGS THAT DIE.

AFTER HAVING READ A GREAT DEAL OF
GOOD CURRENT POETRY IN THE MAGAZINES
AND NEWSPAPERS.

AH, THEY ARE PASSING, PASSING BY,
WONDERFUL SONGS, BUT BORN TO DIE!
CRIES FROM THE INFINITE HUMAN SEAS.
WAVES THRICE-WINGED WITH HARMONIES.
HERE I STAND ON A PIER IN THE FOAM
SEEING THE SONGS TO THE BEACH GO
HOME
DYING IN SAND WHILE THE TIDE FLOWS
BACK,
AS IT FLOWED OF OLD IN ITS FATED TRACK.
OH HURRYING TIDE THAT WILL NOT HEAR
YOUR OWN FOAM-CHILDREN DYING NEAR:
IS THERE NO REFUGE-HOUSE OF SONG,
NO HOME, NO HAVEN WHERE SONGS BE-
LONG?
OH PRECIOUS HYMNS THAT COME AND GO!
YOU PERISH, AND I LOVE YOU SO!

FORMULA FOR A UTOPIA.

LET EVERY CHILD BE BORN OF PASSIONATE
LOVE,
CRADLED IN TENDERNESS AND SACRED JOY:
GAY LITTLE MAIDENS WITH THE HEARTS
OF NUNS—
LET GALAHAD BE BORN IN EVERY BOY.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE.

I.

I HATE THIS YOKE; FOR THE WORLD'S
SAKE HERE PUT IT ON:
KNOWING 'T WILL WEIGH AS MUCH ON
YOU TILL LIFE IS GONE.
KNOWING YOU LOVE YOUR FREEDOM DEAR,
AS I LOVE MINE—
KNOWING THAT LOVE UNCHAINED HAS
BEEN OUR LIFE'S GREAT WINE:
OUR ONE GREAT WINE, (YET SPENT TOO
SOON, AND SERVING NONE;
OF THE TWO CUPS FREE LOVE AT LAST THE
DEADLY ONE.)

II.

WE GRANT OUR MEETINGS WILL BE TAME,
NOT HONEY-SWEET,
NO LONGER TURNING TO THE TRYST WITH
FLYING FEET.
WE KNOW THE TOIL THAT NOW MUST
COME WILL SPOIL THE BLOOM
AND TENDERNESS OF PASSION'S TOUCH.
AND IN IT'S ROOM
WILL COME TAME HABIT, DEADLY CALM,
SORROW AND GLOOM.
OH HOW THE BATTLE SCARS THE BEST WHO
ENTER LIFE!
EACH SOLDIER COMES OUT BLIND OR LAME
FROM THE BLACK STRIFE.
MAD OR DISEASED OR DAMNED OF SOUL
THE BEST MAY COME—
IT MATTERS NOT HOW MERRILY NOW
ROLLS THE DRUM,
THE FIFE SHRILLS HIGH, THE HORN
SINGS LOUD, TILL NO STEPS LAG—
AND ALL ADORE THAT SILKEN FLAME,
DESIRE'S GREAT FLAG.

III.

WE WILL BUILD STRONG OUR TINY FORT,
STRONG AS WE CAN—
HOLDING ONE INNER ROOM BEYOND THE
SWORD OF MAN.
LOVE IS TOO WIDE, IT SEEMS TODAY, TO
HIDE IT THERE,
IT SEEMS TO FLOOD THE FIELDS OF CORN,
AND GILD THE AIR—
IT SEEMS TO BREATHE FROM EVERY BROOK,
FROM FLOWERS TO SIGH—
IT SEEMS A CATARACT POURED DOWN
FROM THE GREAT SKY;
IT SEEMS A TENDERNESS SO VAST NO BUSH
BUT SHOWS

ITS HAUNTING AND TRANSGURING LIGHT
WHERE WONDER GLOWS.

IT WRAPS US IN A SILKEN SNARE BY
SHADOWY STREAMS,
AND WILDERING SWEET AND STUNG WITH
JOY YOUR WHITE SOUL SEEMS
A FLAME, A FLAME, CONQUERING DAY,
CONQUERING NIGHT.
BROUGHT FROM OUR GOD, A HOLY THING,
A MAD DELIGHT.
BUT LOVE, WHEN ALL THINGS BEAT IT
DOWN, LEAVES THE WIDE AIR,
THE HEAVENS ARE GREY, AND MEN TURN
WOLVES, LEAN WITH DESPAIR.
AH, WHEN WE NEED LOVE MOST, AND
WEEP, WHEN ALL IS DARK,
LOVE IS A PINCH OF ASHES GREY, WITH
ONE LIVE SPARK—
YET ON THE HOPE TO KEEP ALIVE THAT
TREASURE STRANGE
HANGS ALL EARTH'S STRUGGLE, STRIFE
AND SCORN, AND DESPERATE CHANGE.

IV.

LOVE? * * * WE WILL SCARCELY LOVE
OUR BABES, FULL MANY A TIME—
KNOWING THEIR SOULS AND OURS TOO
WELL, AND ALL OUR GRIME—
AND THERE BESIDE OUR HOLY HEARTH
WE'LL HIDE OUR EYES—
LEST WE SHOULD FLASH WHAT SEEMS
DISDAIN WITHOUT DISGUISE.
YET THERE SHALL BE NO WAVERING THERE
IN THAT DEEP TRIAL—
AND NO FALSE FIRE OR STRANGER HAND OR
TRAITOR VILE—
WE'LL FIGHT THE GLOOM AND FIGHT THE
WORLD WITH STRONG SWORD-PLAY,
ENTRENCHED WITHIN OUR BLOCK-HOUSE
SMALL, EVER AT BAY—
AS FELLOW-WARRIORS, UNDERPAID, WOUND-
ED AND WILD,
TRUE TO THEIR BATTERED FLAG, THEIR
FAITH STILL UNDEFILED!

V.

WE WILL DO WELL. WE'LL SAVE THROUGH
LIFE LOVE'S SPARK, LOVE'S GEM.
WE'LL GUARD NO MAN-MADE HEAP OF
COINS OR DIADEM—
BUT CLASP WORN HANDS, AND VOW GREAT
VOWS TO GOD ABOVE,
KEEPING UNQUENCHED THROUGH STORM
AND FEAR, ONE SPARK OF LOVE!

THE LEADEN EYED.

LET NOT YOUNG SOULS BE SMOTHERED OUT
BEFORE
THEY DO QUAIN'T DEEDS AND FULLY
FLAUNT THEIR PRIDE.
IT IS THE WORLD'S ONE CRIME ITS BABES
GROW DULL,
ITS POOR ARE OX-LIKE, LIMP AND LEADEN
EYED.
NOT THAT THEY STARVE, BUT STARVE SO
DREAMLESSLY,
NOT THAT THEY SOW, BUT THAT THEY
SELDOM REAP,
NOT THAT THEY SERVE, BUT HAVE NO GODS
TO SERVE,
NOT THAT THEY DIE, BUT THAT THEY DIE
LIKE SHEEP.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES WERE WRITTEN
ON THE EVENING OF MARCH THE FIRST,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN, AND
PRINTED NEXT MORNING IN THE ILLINOIS
STATE REGISTER.

THEY CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE
NEWS THAT THE UNITED STATE SENATE
HAD DECLARED THE ELECTION OF WILLIAM
LORIMER GOOD AND VALID, BY A VOTE OF
FORTY-SIX TO FORTY.

TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

REVELATION 16: VERSES 16 THROUGH 19.
AND MUST THE SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS
BE THIS SQUAT THING, WITH BLINKING,
HALF-CLOSED EYES?
THIS BRAZEN GUTTER IDOL, REARED TO
POWER
UPON A LEERING PYRAMID OF LIES?
AND MUST THE SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS
BE THE WORLD'S PROVERB OF SUCCESSFUL
SHAME,
DAZZLING ALL STATE HOUSE FLIES THAT
STEAL AND STEAL,
WHO, WHEN THE SAD STATE SPARES
THEM, COUNT IT FAME?
IF ONCE OR TWICE WITHIN HIS NEW WON
HALL
HIS VOTE HAD COUNTED FOR THE BROKEN
MEN;
IF IN HIS EARLY DAYS HE WROUGHT
SOME GOOD—
WE MIGHT A GREAT SOUL'S SINS FORGIVE
HIM THEN.
BUT MUST THE SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS
BE VINDICATED BY FAT KINGS OF GOLD?
AND MUST HE BE BELAUDED BY THE
SMIRCHED,
THE SLEEK, UNCANNY CHIEFS IN LIES
GROWN OLD?
BE WARNED, OH, WANTON ONES, WHO
SHIELDED HIM—
BLACK WRATH AWAITS. YOU ALL SHALL
EAT THE DUST.
YOU DARE NOT SAY: "TOMORROW WILL
BRING PEACE;
LET US MAKE MERRY, AND GO FORTH IN
LUST."
WHAT WILL YOU TRADING FROGS DO ON A
DAY

WHEN ARMAGEDDON THUNDERS THROUGH
THE LAND;
WHEN EACH SAD PATRIOT RISES, MAD
WITH SHAME,
HIS BALLOT OR HIS MUSKET IN HIS HAND?
IN THE DISTRACTED STATES FROM WHICH
YOU CAME
THE DAY IS BIG WITH WAR HOPES FIERCE
AND STRANGE,
OUR IRON CHICAGOS AND OUR GRIMY
MINES
RUMBLE WITH HATE AND LOVE AND SOL-
EMN CHANGE.
TOO MANY WEARY MEN SHED HONEST
TEARS,
GROUND BY MACHINES THAT GIVE THE
SENATE EASE.
TOO MANY LITTLE BABES WITH BLEEDING
HANDS
HAVE HEAPED THE FRUITS OF EMPIRE ON
YOUR KNEES.
AND SWINE WITHIN THE SENATE IN THIS
DAY,
WHEN ALL THE SMOTHERING BY-STREETS
WEEP AND WALL;
WHEN WISDOM BREAKS THE HEARTS OF
HER BEST SONS;
WHEN KINGLY MEN, VOTING FOR TRUTH,
MAY FAIL;—
THESE ARE A PORTENT AND A CALL TO
ARMS.
OUR PROTEST TURNS INTO A BATTLE CRY:
"OUR SHAME MUST END, OUR STATES BE
FREE AND CLEAN;
AND IN THIS WAR WE CHOOSE TO LIVE
AND DIE."

DREAMS IN THE SLUM.

SOME MEN, NOT BLIND, STILL THINK AMID
THE FILTH.
SOME SCHOLARS SEE VAST CITIES LIKE
THE SUN:
BRIGHT HIVES OF POWER, OF JUSTICE AND
OF LOVE,
IN BRAINS LIKE THESE OUR ZION HAS
BEGUN.
WHAT WILL YOU DO TO MAKE THEIR
THOUGHT COME TRUE?
OR WILL YOU TREAD THEIR PEARLS INTO
THE EARTH?
FRIENDS, WHEN SUCH VOICES RISE DESPITE
THE TIME,
WHAT ARE YOUR SHABBY, RICH MAN'S
TEMPLES WORTH?

THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN.

(JOHN P. ALTGELD. BORN DEC. 30, 1847;
DIED MARCH 12, 1902.)
SLEEP SOFTLY * * * EAGLE FORGOTTEN
* * * UNDER THE STONE,
TIME HAS ITS WAY WITH YOU THERE, AND
THE CLAY HAS ITS OWN.
"WE HAVE BURIED HIM NOW," THOUGHT
YOUR FOES, AND IN SECRET REJOICED.
THEY MADE A BRAVE SHOW OF THEIR
MOURNING, THEIR HATRED UNVOICED.

THEY HAD SNARLED AT YOU, BARKED AT YOU,
 YOU, FOAMED AT YOU DAY AFTER DAY,
 NOW YOU WERE ENDED. THEY PRAISED
 YOU, * * * AND LAID YOU AWAY.
 THE OTHERS THAT MOURNED YOU IN
 SILENCE AND TERROR AND TRUTH.
 THE WIDOW BEREFT OF HER CRUST, AND
 THE BOY WITHOUT YOUTH,
 THE MOCKED AND THE SCORNE AND THE
 WOUNDED, THE LAME AND THE POOR
 THAT SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED FOR-
 EVER, * * * REMEMBER NO MORE.
 WHERE ARE THOSE LOVERS OF YOURS, ON
 WHAT NAME DO THEY CALL
 THE LOST, THAT IN ARMIES WEPT OVER
 YOUR FUNERAL PALL?
 THEY CALL ON THE NAMES OF A HUNDRED
 HIGH-VALIANT ONES,
 A HUNDRED WHITE EAGLES HAVE RISEN
 THE SONS OF YOUR SONS,
 THE ZEAL IN THEIR WINGS IS A ZEAL THAT
 YOUR DREAMING BEGAN
 THE VALOR THAT WORE OUT YOUR SOUL IN
 THE SERVICE OF MAN.
 SLEEP SOFTLY, * * * EAGLE FORGOTTEN,
 * * * UNDER THE STONE,
 TIME HAS ITS WAY WITH YOU THERE
 AND THE CLAY HAS ITS OWN.
 SLEEP ON, O BRAVE HEARTED, O WISE MAN,
 THAT KINDLED THE FLAME—
 TO LIVE IN MANKIND IS FAR MORE THAN
 TO LIVE IN A NAME,
 TO LIVE IN MANKIND, FAR FAR MORE * *
 THAN TO LIVE IN A NAME.

TO THOSE THAT WOULD MEND THESE TIMES.

GO PLANT THE ARTS THAT WOO THE
 WEARIEST,
 BOLD ARTS THAT SIMPLE WORKMEN UN-
 DERSAND,
 THAT MAKE NO POOR MEN AND KEEP ALL
 MEN RICH,
 AND THRONE OUR LADY BEAUTY IN THE
 LAND!

TO THOSE THAT WOULD HELP THE FALLEN.

GO PLANT THE CRAFTS THAT GIVE A DEEP
 DELIGHT
 TO ALL WHO MAKE, TO ALL WHO USE
 AND SEE:—
 NEW CRAFTS WHERE ROUGHEST MEN CAN
 HINT AT THE THOUGHT
 AND WRITE LIFE'S LYRIC IN A HAND SET
 FREE:
 THE DEATHLESS TOUCH OF AGES WORKED
 ANEW
 UPON THE DOOR OF EVERY TINIEST ROOM:
 THE JOY OF LIVING PAINTED ON THE
 WALLS,
 AND DAZZLING FABRICS WROUGHT ON ART'S
 HOME-LOOM.
 DECKING THE PARKS: VAIR, VELVET, SILK
 AND GOLD:

OLD PAGEANTS, MARCHING THAT WERE
 LONG-TIME DEAD:
 INNOCENT GAMBOLS, HARP AND SONG
 AFOOT:—
 TO PRAISE THE DAY WHEN ART AND FREE-
 DOM WED!

THE TRAP.

SHE WAS TAUGHT DESIRE IN THE STREET
 NOT AT THE ANGEL'S FEET.
 BY THE GOOD NO WORD WAS SAID
 OF THE WORTH OF THE BRIDAL BED.
 THE SECRET WAS LEARNED FROM THE VILE
 NOT FROM HER MOTHER'S SMILE.
 HOME SPOKE NOT. AND THE GIRL
 WAS CAUGHT IN THE PUBLIC WHIRL.
 DO YOU SAY "SHE GAVE CONSENT:
 LIFE DRUNK, SHE WAS CONTENT
 WITH BEASTS THAT HER FIRE COULD
 PLEASE?"

BUT SHE DID NOT CHOOSE DISEASE
 OF MIND AND NERVES AND BREATH.
 SHE WAS TRAPPED TO A SLOW, FOUL
 DEATH.

THE DOOR WAS WATCHED SO WELL,
 THAT THE STEEP DARK STAIR TO HELL
 WAS THE ONLY ESCAPING WAY * * *
 "SHE GAVE CONSENT," YOU SAY?
 SOME THINK SHE WAS MEEK AND GOOD
 ONLY LOST IN THE WOOD
 OF YOUTH, AND DECEIVED IN MAN
 WHEN THE HUNGER OF SEX BEGAN
 THAT TIES THE HUSBAND AND WIFE
 TO THE END IN A STRONG FOND LIFE.
 HER CAPTOR, BY CHANCE WAS ONE
 OF THOSE WHOSE PASSION WAS DONE,
 A COLD FIERCE WORM OF THE SEA
 ENSLAVING FOR YOU AND ME.
 THE WAGES THE POOR MUST TAKE
 HAVE FORCED THEM TO SERVE THIS SNAKE.
 YEA, HALF-PAID GIRLS, MUST GO
 FOR BREAD TO HIS PIT BELOW.
 WHAT HANGMAN SHALL WAIT HIS HOST
 OF BUTCHERS FROM COAST TO COAST,
 NEW YORK TO THE GOLDEN GATE—
 THE MERGER OF DEATH AND FATE,
 LUST-KINGS WITH A CAREFUL PLAN
 CLEAN-CUT, AMERICAN?
 OH MOTHERS WHO FAILED TO TELL
 THE MAZES OF HEAVEN AND HELL,
 WHO FAILED TO ADVISE, IMPORE
 YOUR DAUGHTER AT LOVE'S STRANGE DOOR
 WHAT WILL YOU DO THIS DAY?
 YOUR DEAR ONES ARE HIDDEN AWAY,
 AS GOOD AS CHAINED TO THE BED
 HID LIKE THE MAD, OR THE DEAD:—
 THE GLORIES OF ENDLESS YEARS
 DROWNED IN THEIR HARLOT-TEARS:
 THE CHILDREN THEY HOPED TO BEAR
 GRANDCHILDREN STRONG AND FAIR
 THE LIFE FOR AGES TO BE
 CUT OFF LIKE A BLASTED TREE,
 MURDERED IN FILTH IN A DAY,
 SOMEHOW, BY THE MERCHANT GAY!
 IN LIBERTY'S NAME WE CRY
 FOR THESE WOMEN ABOUT TO DIE.

WHAT SHALL BE SAID OF A STATE
 WHERE TRAPS FOR THE WHITE BRIDES
 WAIT?
 OF SELLERS OF DRINK WHO PLAY
 THE GAME FOR THE EXTRA PAY?
 OF STATESMEN IN LEAGUE WITH ALL
 WHO HOPE FOR THE GIRL-CHILD'S FALL?
 OF BANKS WHERE HELL'S MONEY IS PAID
 AND PHARISEES ALL AFRAID
 OF PANDARS THAT HELP THEM SIN?
 WHEN WILL OUR WRATH BEGIN?

TO REFORMERS IN DESPAIR
 'TIS NOT TOO LATE TO BUILD OUR YOUNG
 LAND RIGHT,
 CLEANER THAN HOLLAND, COURTIER THAN
 JAPAN,
 DEVOUT LIKE EARLY ROME, WITH HEARTHS
 LIKE HERS,
 HEARTHS THAT WILL RECREATE THE BREED
 CALLED MAN.

POEMS ON THE FAR DISTANT FUTURE

THE LEGISLATURE.

OUT OF THE HEART OF AGES COMES THE
 LAW,
 THE SONS WILL HONOR WHAT THE SIRES
 HAVE LEFT:
 THEIR PROVERB IS THE FATHERS' CARE-
 LESS WIT,
 THEIR HONESTY THE FATHERS' CARELESS
 THEFT.
 WHAT IS OUR FREEDOM BUT A CHANCE
 TO GIVE
 POSTERITY A NOBLE HOUSE FOR PLAY?
 AND WILL OUR CHECKED AND BALANCED
 LAWS BE CHAINS
 TO HANG OUR CHILDREN IN AN EVIL DAY?
 WE SAY WE WANT THE NATION TO BE
 FREE,
 YET THERE'S A CLANK IN EVERY LAW
 WE WRITE.
 WHY SHOULD WE WORK AT SUCH ILL-
 OMENED STEEL?
 TODAY THE FORGE IS LOUD, THE METAL
 WHITE.
 TODAY MAD BLOWS COME THICK AND FAST.
 THE STEEL
 YIELDS WELL, THAT SOON WILL COOL FOR-
 EVERMORE.
 WHAT HAVE OUR WILD BLOWS WROUGHT?
 WHAT GRACELESS MOULD
 WHERE MEN WILL POUR THEIR BLOOD
 FOREVERMORE?

THE PILGRIMS FROM ASIA. (IN THE DISTANT FUTURE.)

I HAVE WATCHED MULTITUDES OF SCHOL-
 ARS COME
 TO HAUNT YOUR FOOT-STEPS, LINCOLN, IN
 OUR TOWN;
 EACH PILGRIM PACING FROM THE DAYS TO
 BE,
 CLAD IN A GLITTERING STRANGE-RUSTLING
 GOWN.

UPON THEIR FLAGS AND SASHEES, CLOAKS
 AND COATS
 NEW ASIA'S SYMBOLS, RICH EMBROIDERED
 THINGS;
 (STRONG MEN, SET FREE FROM PRIDES
 THAT LEAVE US PLAIN,
 BROCADED MORE THAN BABYLONIAN
 KINGS:)
 THEIR FACES TOUCHED WITH CULTURES
 NOW UNKNOWN,
 THEIR EYES ALIGHT WITH WISDOMS WE
 DESIRE,
 DOING LONG HONORS TO THE AUSTERE
 DEAD,
 WITH BANNER, PANTOMIME AND SONG
 AND FIRE.
 THOSE WORTHIER DAYS SHALL HAIL THEM
 FREEDOM'S SEERS:
 SELF-MASTERING CHIEFS WITH GENIUS
 IN CONTROL.
 AND YET, THAT MARVELLOUS WORLD SHALL
 TURN TO THIS,
 TRACING SWEET FREEDOM BACK TO LIN-
 COLN'S SOUL.

WE CANNOT CONQUER TIME.

WE CANNOT CONQUER TIME. SIT DOWN,
 BREATHE SLOW,
 AND MUSE A LITTLE, SINCE GREAT TIME
 IS KING.
 THE MOTH AND RUST SHALL DO THEIR
 DESTINED WORK
 UPON US, THOUGH WE POLISH EVERY-
 THING.
 AND ALL OUR QUAINATTEMPTS TO BEAT
 THE CLOCK
 TO TREAD TIME DOWN TO DEATH WITH
 HURRYING FEET,
 SHALL SLOWLY END. WE WILL REAR HIGH
 HIS FANE,
 AND COUNT HIS EVERLASTING BONDAGE
 MEET.
 THE MOTH, THE RUST, THE IVY AND THE
 RAIN,
 THE HAIL AND SNOW EVEN TODAY WEAR
 DOWN
 EACH TOWER THAT SPEAKS OF NEWNESS
 ALL TOO WELL,
 EACH POMPOUS PALACE WITH ITS GLITTER-
 ING CROWN.
 THE MOTH, THE RUST, THE IVY AND THE
 RAIN,
 THE HAIL AND SNOW AND WIND, WILL, AT
 THE LAST,
 ENTER THE INNER HEART OF THIS OUR
 RACE,
 UNTIL WE LOVE NO FUTURE LIKE THE
 PAST.

FINAL POEMS OF THE ROAD

LAZARUS AND DIVES.

WRITTEN FOR THAT RARE CREATURE, A
 PREOCCUPIED HOST.
 I AM LAZARUS, POOR THEY SAY,
 WAYSIDE DOGS ARE MINE FOR FRIENDS,
 ON OUR SORES THE RAINS DESCENDS,
 SCORN IS OURS THROUGHOUT THE DAY.

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I AM LAZARUS AT YOUR GATE,
BREAD IS MINE, THE BITS THAT FALL
FROM YOUR AMPLE TABLE, ALL
CHANCE HAS SCATTERED FROM YOUR
PLATE.

WELL CONTENT, I TAKE MY SHARE,
'TIS A SORT OF TACIT RIGHT.
NO MAN FOR MY CRUMB WILL FIGHT,
NO MAN DRIVES ME FROM THE STAIR.
DIVES, OF THE NOBLE HEART,
BY MISGIVING WORN AWAY:
WHETHER PLEASURES GO OR STAY
HOW YOU FUME AND BROOD AND START!
LAZARUS YOU NEVER SEE,
ALL THE LOAF OF LIFE YOU OWN,
MADE SO GOOD FOR YOU ALONE,
YET THIS CRUMB COMES DOWN TO ME.

A PRAYER TO ALL THE DEAD AMONG MINE OWN PEOPLE.

ARE THESE YOUR PRESENCES. MY CLAN
FROM HEAVEN?
ARE THESE YOUR HANDS UPON MY
WOUNDED SOUL?
MINE OWN, MINE OWN, BLOOD OF MY
BLOOD BE WITH ME,
FLY BY MY PATH TILL YOU HAVE MADE
ME WHOLE!

ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE.

ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE
WHAT WILD OATS DID YOU SOW
WHEY YOU LEFT YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE
WITH YOUR CHEEKS AGLOW?
EYES SO STRAINED AND EAGER
TO SEE WHAT YOU MIGHT SEE?
WERE YOU THIEF OR WERE YOU FOOL
OR MOST NOBLY FREE?

WERE THE TRAMP-DAYS KNIGHTLY,
TRUE SOWING OF WILD SEED?
DID YOU DARE TO MAKE THE SONGS
VANQUISHED WORKMEN NEED?
DID YOU WASTE MUCH MONEY
TO DECK A LEPER'S FEAST?
LOVE THE TRUTH, DEFY THE CROWD,
SCANDALIZE THE PRIEST?
ON THE ROAD TO NOWHERE
WHAT WILD OATS DID YOU SOW?
STUPIDS FIND THE NOWHERE-ROAD
DUSTY GRIM AND SLOW.
ERE THEIR SOWING'S ENDED
THEY TURN THEM ON THEIR TRACK,
LOOK AT THE CATIFF CRAVEN WIGHTS
REPENTANT, HURRYING BACK!
GROWN ASHAMED OF NOWHERE
OF RAGS ENDURED FOR YEARS,
LUST FOR VELVET IN THEIR HEARTS,
PIERCED WITH MAMMON'S SPEARS.
ALL BUT A FEW FANATICS,
GIVE UP THEIR DARLING GOAL,
SEEK TO BE AS OTHERS ARE,
STULTIFY THE SOUL.
REAPINGS NOW CONFRONT THEM,
GLUT THEM, OR DESTROY,
CURIOUS SEEDS, GRAIN OR WEEDS
SOWN WITH AWFUL JOY.
HURRIED IS THEIR HARVEST,
THEY MAKE SOFT PEACE WITH MEN.
PILGRIMS PASS. THEY CARE NOT,
WILL NOT TRAMP AGAIN.
OH NOWHERE, GOLDEN NOWHERE!
SAGES AND FOOLS GO ON
TO YOUR CHAOTIC OCEAN,
TO YOUR TREMENDOUS DAWN.
FAR IN YOUR FAIR DREAM-HAVEN,
IS NOTHING OR IS ALL * * *
THEY PRESS ON, SINGING, SOWING
WILD DEEDS WITHOUT RECALL!

MR. LINDSAY OFFERS THE FOLLOWING
SERMONS, TO BE PREACHED ON SHORT
NOTICE, AND WITHOUT A COLLECTION, IN
ANY CHAPEL THAT WILL OPEN ITS DOORS
AS HE PASSES BY: (1) THE GOSPEL OF
THE HEARTH. (2) THE GOSPEL OF VOL-
UNTARY POVERTY. (3) THE HOLINESS OF
BEAUTY.